### THE COLLEGIAN'S ROMANCE

Story of an Incident on a West-Bound Train at Christmas Time.

Crowd of Freshmen, a Pretty and Lovely Maiden, a Bottle of Medicine, Banjoes, Class Songs, Mirrors and Things.

We were about leaving for the West by the Pennsylvania day limited, and the long train of Pullmans stood waiting the conductor's signal, in the handsome Broadstreet station, Philadelphia. It was in December, 1885, and only four days from Christmas, and the trains were all carrying an unusually large number of passengers, bound for their homes for the holidays. Conspicuous among this army of travelers were hundreds of college boys and girls just turned loose to return to their parental nests for the midwinter vacation. The railway stations swarmed with bright, happy faces, jaunty seal-skin jackets, big cape ulsters and a variegated assortment of college colors, while ever and anon the monotonous, duil, buzzing of the waiting-rooms would be disturbed with a fiendish whoop, understood only by those who participated in giving it, but taken for granted by the civilians who looked on in horror as being a college cheer. Harvard vied with Yale as to which could give the loudest, and Princeton strained her lungs to drown The efforts of the stationand porters to quell the were ridiculously futile. To a college alumnus the sight of a crowd of jobly collegians enjoying themselves is never obnoxious, no matter how much noise they make or to what seat of learning they yell their allegiance. Not so with the "self-made man." The source of a col-



lege cheer, the sight of a college cap or the smell of a college cigarette is a mark of the most blatant idrocy, and is sufficient to srouse a score of harsh remarks about "prize fools," "a fair specimen of the average col-lege youth," "that's all they learn at the university," etc. But he, poor chap, is an object of pity and not derision, so let that you. Wont you allow me to give way to

in our party were two fellows for Pitts-burg, one for Columbus, and the others ticketed for stations further west. We were prepared for the trip in all that the word implies, and it means considerably more to a freshman than it does to a man of business. There were two banjos, a guitar and a mandolin in the party, and three of the fellows had good voices, so if, by any chance, the trip should prove tiresome, refreshments could be found in music. We had telegraphed ahead for a state-room, which, fortunately, was secured for us, and so with all these plans so completely arranged there was no visible reason why our westward journey should not be a pleasurable one. We entered the car with the air of complete ownership, much to the disgust of commercial travelers, who remarked something about "fresh youngsters," at once began to sprawi ourselves out in luxurious attitudes over the seats. The conductor called out "all aboard," and in a moment we were moving slowly out of the station on our homeward course. The first stop made out of the city was at German-town, a suburb noted especially for two things: its landscape beauty and a fash-ionable boarding-school for young ladies.

THE MAIDEN ENTERS. Hardly had the train come to a stop before we heard the greatest chattering and laughing out on the platform, and, going to the window, saw a bevy of maidens gathered together and all trying to kiss one of their number good-bye at one and the same time. The one - never mind about the others, they were not going to be with us -finally hurried aboard and entered the car with a dozen or more boxes, bags and assorted pieces of hand luggage, which the dusky attendant hung over head or stowed under the seat, and any place else he could find to accommodate them. She made an effort to raise the window with the intention of giving each of her friends a positively last farewell shake, but the sash stuck and with a petulant "Oh pshaw!" she satisfied herself by thumping excitedly on the pane and screaming, "Good-bye, Ethel, good-bye, Emilie, good-bye Edith. Don't forget to write to me, you all know my address, 189 Spruce avenue, St. Louis." Then the train started, the engineer probably having satisfied himself that the final farewell had been spoken, and once again we were spinning along at a lively rate, this time not to stop until Harrisburg was reached for dinner. Ah! Then she was going to St. Louis? That was pleasant for me, as it happened that I was the only one of our party who was going that far, my destination being Kansas City, and necessitating a change of cars at St. Louis. I had intended to stop over a day at home in Intended to stop over a day at home in In-dianapolis, but I decided not to on the spot. But I hadn't stopped to consider that I had hever met the young lady, and that my chances for so doing were altogether un-likely. One never takes such things into consideration, especially a person of my age. When the bare possibility presents it-

self. That is quite sufficient.

All this time the other fellows were making remarks of various kinds about the young woman; ail of a complimentary character, to be sure, yet of a nature that would have been calculated to embarrass her if she had happened to overhear them. Her section was at the end of the car right outside our state-room door, and it so happened that by the arrangement of the little mirror between her windows it was quite possible for her to see all that was going on in our apartment, the view being refleeted by a similar mirror on the opposite side of the state-room. It was my keen eye and not a brilliant familiarity with the law of physics that caught this, for as I stepped across the aisle of the apartment to get a match a chance glance saw the face of the attractive stranger reflected full within the little glass of our quarters. She appeared to be looking far away into space when observed through the door, but the tell-tale mirror belied her indifferent stare. Lighting a cigarette and taking up my banjo I sat down on the seat and absently picked the tune, "I see my love at the window." Instantly her eyes dropped and her pretty lips moved with half a smile and half a saucy curl. She stooped down, picked up a band-bag and fishing out a paper-covered novel settled back among the cushions for a quiet read. At least that was the way I took it, so I changed my tune to "It's a way we have at old Harvard," and after failing to effect another change of position I gave up further operations for the time being and turned my attention to the fellows in the state-room who were engaged in an interesting game of "hearts." Thus far I had succeeded in escaping detection by the others, and congratulated myself that I was altogether one of the cleverest persons outside of literature. Nothing eventful happened, either, to please me, as far as the young lady was concerned, or cause me any annoying suspicions from my com-panions. Harrisburg was reached about 1 o'clock, and we all piled out for dinner. On a pretense of looking for my cap I lagged behind the others for the express

bring her a cup of coffee; that she didn't teel well and would not get out for dinner.

SAD DISAPPOINTMENT. Now this was hard luck, for I had fancied that may be I might sit next to her at the table and pass her the salt and pepper and hand her anything that might be brought to me first before she was served, and now she was taken ill! Well, it was a long way to St. Louis, and probably it was only a slight nervous headache caused by the first

effects of travel or loss of sleep from a rout of the night before. Dinner over we entered the car, and were soon again flying along toward the Alleghenies. From Harrisburg to Altoona our crowd spent the time in playing and singing all the coilege songs we could think of. "Riding Down from Bangor," "Over the Banister." "Where Are You Going My Pretty Maid?" "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender." "That Giddy Young Fem. Sem. Girl," and a score of others were sung and played, and our selections were all made with a view to their special significance with our pretty "Annex girl." Yet she never raised her head from the pillows which the porter had provided her with, so we didn't have the pleasure of so much as one of those cold, withering stares for which the modern boarding-school girl is famous. As for me, I was now becoming thoroughly alarmed, and feared that probably, after all, my trip was not to be so rosy and romantic as I had pictured. Just as the train left Altoona, where we had taken supper, the porter came to the invalid's seat and said loud enough for me to hear, "We's gettin' nigh de hoss-shoe bend now, Miss, and if you wants to see de great curve you'd better get on your jacket and you can stand in de vestibule between

de two sleepers." She thanked him and raising up from the pillow slowly pulled on her coat and fast-ened a jaunty little Tam o' Shanter on her head. She looked the picture of despair, with hair disheveled and great, tired-looking lines across her face, there was no doubting that she had a headache and that it was annoying her very much. The passengers to whom the curve was a new sight took seats on the left side of the car, while some went to the vestibules at either end. Ours was the last car on the train and the view from the back platform was the most desirable of all. The unknown angel got up and with unsteady gait felt her way along the sides to the narrow passage-way between the state-room and the wall, and out on to the platform. Only one other of our party beside myself went out. I secured the position looking out on the curve and proposed to hold it for a ransom. Presently she appeared in the door-way, and, leaning against the one side with her tiny gaitered patent-leather for a brace against the other, she tried her best to see the curve, a feat which was utterly impossible, for I shut off the entire view, and I know my big ulster, with its two-foot collar, cast a shadow on all the little bits of scenery she might have caught. Just then the car gave a terrific swing and the fair creature lost her balance and would have fallen on the platform if I had not been ex-

THAT DELICIOUS MOMENT. "Oh-thank-vou," she gasped between breaths, and with a deep blush. I couldn't detect the blush, yet I knew there was one, for they always come with startled expressions of thanks.

pecting such a thing and caught her just

"Not at all," I said, lifting my cap. "I beg your pardon for occupying the choice position of the platform, but I didn't see

"Oh, no, not at all. I could see very well from where I stood." I refrained from noticing this little fib. and insisted that she take my place which she did, reluctantly. She was more polite than I had been and stood sidewise so that I might see too. We were now about half way round the curve and the sight was magnificent. The moon was at the full and shone down bright and clear in the glen beneath. She clung tightly to the little rod fastened against the car, probably to keep from falling over or may be to re-strain herself from that irresistable desire that some people possess to plunge them-selves headlong into fathomiess abysses. If I had thought for a moment that the latter was the explanation, I should have politely, but firmly, from a purely gallant stand-point, have insisted on holding her hand or otherwise securing her a safe footing. but I had no reason to be sure that she was possessed of any such sensation as

Three-fourths of the horse-shoe was passed and time was fleeting, for I realized



that as soon as we reached the end of it she would go back to her section. It was now or never, and the suspense was becom-"I noticed that you were suffering from

a headache," I ventured, "and if you will allow me I have a remedy that I am sure ill relieve it. I held my breath until the answer came, for although my intentions were evidently good and humane, I had a sort of an in-ward feeling that I had made a bold

"Why, thank you," she said in a timid, hesitating way. "I have been suffering very much ever since early this morning."
That was enough for me; she didn't refuse it, then she certainly accepted the offer. By this time the car gave another lunge, which denoted that the bend had been rounded, and now for the medicine. I assisted her off the platform and into the car. I went to my satchel, got out the medicine and started for my angelic invalid. The other fellows in the stateroom asked if I was getting sick and I said that I was, but when they saw what I did with the medicine they began to hammer on the glass door, and one of them stuck out his head and said: "Oh, Jack, I'd like to speak with you when you are at leisure."
She gave me her glass, which I filled with water, and, leaving the bottle with her, said good-night and returned to the state-

The next morning, at Pittsburg, she was profuse in her thanks to me; said "the medicine had effected a prompt cure," and she had "slept so soundly all night," and "didn't know how she could ever repay me for my kindness," and "would tell her papa and mama all about it just as soon as she reached home," Just then two other girls came running up to her and began to embrace and kiss her and make all sorts of silly. ridiculous manifestations of joy. "We're awfully glad you've come and are going to stop over for the dance to-night. I engaged Alex. Robinson for you and your programme is all filled out and four extras beside; best men in town; ob, you'll be the belie of the evening; no doubt about that." That was sufficient for me. She had left me standing like a bump on a log. and before I had the presence of mind to realize what it all meant she had been led away by her two friends, put into a stylish brougham and the carriage went spinning up the street. I saw it turn the corner and pass out of sight, and then the thought dawned upon me that my honeyed expectancy had soured into pickled disappointment. As for the rest of my trip to St. Louis it is not worth recording, beyond the fact that I worked up a large-sized sick headache over the affair, and the worst of all was that little sinner had walked off with my medicine. But I have her address and I propose to write to 189 Spruce ave-

nue for that medicine. All Married When Children.

TROY, N. Y., March 5 .- The census enumerator at Warrensburg found a child three months old, the mother, Mrs. Fred Chandler, one month less than fifteen years, grandmother, Mrs. John Allen, aged thirty three years, and great grandmother, Mrs. Oscar Greene, aged fifty-four years, all residing in close proximity about six miles north of Warrensburg village.

That Chicago Franchise.

CHICAGO, Murch 5. - A morning paper asserts that the real object of the Chicago Power-supply purpose of seeing whether she was going to partake of an eating-house meal or not, but my hopes were disappointed, for I heard her tell the porter to | cold storage warehouses.

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### TWO EDITORS OF KENTUCKY

Reminiscence of the Celebrated George D. Prentice and Shadrach Penn.

Eternal Personal Warfare in the Columns of Their Newspapers-Meeting from Which the Crowd Expected a Duel.



sat chatting with the late Dawson Blackmore in his office in the Board of Trade Building. when the conversation turned upon the very marked contrast between the newspapers of to-day and those of ante-bellum times.

NE day the writer

As Mr. Blackmore had long been a resident of Madison, if not a native of that city, this led to some reminiscences of the Louisville Journal and its famous editor, George D. Prentice, as well as of his rival in the journalistic field-Shadrach Penn. Mr. Blackmore, who was doing most of the talking, said:

"In those days-forty years ago or more -newspapers were more the personal organs of their editors than at present. The tendency now is to suppress the personality of the conductor of the newspaper; but then the popularity of the publication depended almost wholly upon that of its editor and his ability as a writer. News was a matter of secondary consideration. The caustic wit, no less than the graceful literary style and the uncompromising political views of Mr. Prentice, had won for him a reputation throughont the country, and in Louisville and the neighboring towns he numbered by the thousands friends and admirers who would have rallied about him and fought for him at the dropping of a hat. Personalities were freely indulged in in those days, and many bitter things were said on one side and the other, often leading to personal encounters in which the man who was quickest on the trigger had a decided advantage. No man in the profession indulged more freely in personalities than George D. Prentice, and no man could put more sting into a paragraph—though he had a fairly suc-cessful rival in his neighbor, Shadrach

"One morning I came up the river on a boat—I had been down to Evansville on business-and on my way back to Madison concluded to stop over a day at Louisville. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when we reached Louisville, and I walked up town, intending to call at the office of a gentleman with whom I had office of a gentleman with whom I had some business to transact. As I passed along I encountered a group of half a dozen or more people whom I knew, who were all intently gazing at the entrance of a hotel across the way. They were so intent upon watching the hotel that I had to address them the second time before getting an answer. Finally I succeeded in eliciting the information that they were waiting to learn the result of an encounter between Prentice and Penn, both of whom had been seen to enter the saloon attached to been seen to enter the saloon attached to the hotel within a few minutes of each other. A wordy warfare, more bitter than



usual, had been going on between the two men through their respective newspapers, for a couple of weeks; and a group of gentlemen on the boat on which I had come up the river had that morning been discussing the subject, unanimously reaching the conclusion that the quarrel could only end in bloodshed. That morning Prentice had lampooned his adversary in most unmerciful style, far outdoing all previous efforts. As I knew that each of the two editors had friends in the group I was talk-ing with, I asked why some of them did not go over and try to prevent a collision. One man, in reply, voiced the sentiment of all.
'What's the use,' said he. 'It's bound to
come some time. They both carry pistols,
both know how to shoot, and neither is afraid to shoot or be shot at. The prudent thing to do is to keep out of the scrape.'
"In a few moments, during which we had been straining our ears to catch the sound of the first shot, Prentice and Penn emerged from the saloon, arm in arm, and slowly walked up the street together. We were all, for the moment, dumfounded. Then, as by a common impulse, we rushed across the street to the saloon. Ignoring the barkeeper's 'What'll it be, gentlemen?'
we all began plying him with
questions at once as to how the
two journalists had settled their quarrel
without bloodshed. Out of the babel of questions the poor barkeeper caught one -'What did they say to each other!'-and answered it. 'Oh, them two fellers? Why, apolls.

Mr. Penn comes in, and is standin' right there, pourin' out his drink, when in pops Mr. plain; how'll you have yours?" "Same way," says Mr. Prentice. Then they tosses of their drinks, and Mr. Penn he says again, "That was a pretty good one you had on me this mornin', George—that is, pretty good for you.

I came near laughin' at it I came near laughin' at it myself. Dare say I would have laughed if it had been on any one else. But I'm loaded for you for to-morrow." "Well, Shadrach," says Mr. Prentice, "I thought myself that was pretty well done. I said to myself, as I read it over, 'I'd give \$10 to see Shadrach Penn's countenance when his eye lights on it. Barkeeper, set 'em out again." They both clinks their glasses together, and then Mr. Prentice, he asks: "Goin' up town, Shadrach!" "Yes," says he, and he takes Mr. Prentice's arm and off they goes.' they goes.' "We were all so unutterably astounded at what we had seen, supplemented by the barkeeper's tale, that we filed out of the room without calling for anything, which was a remarable proceeding for a group of Kentuckians in those days."

TALES OF ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Last Gasp of a Dead Pigeon-Brief as the Career of the "Bub-Bub-Best," Etc.

Bagdad and all its people had, for a space of two weeks, been under a spell of enchantment, from which they were at last beginning to recover.

The good Caliph Haronn al Suleyvan

awoke from the strange trance into which he had been cast, but his vision was still obscured and his mind troubled. "Wh-what are we going to do next?" he inquired of the officers of his household, who stood about him yawning and rubbing the heavy sleep from their eyes.

Mustapha Hawkins looked at Al Hatchet Holt and the latter at Thomas al Taggart, who looked everywhere, but said nothing. "Wh-what are we going to dof" again in-quired the Caliph. His voice trembled and a tear trickled down his nose.

"Do!" exclaimed Sammel al Morss. "Let us consult the Democratic book of prov-The volume was brought. Al Morss opened it at hazard, as was the wont of the faithful when in trouble. This was the line, embossed in gold, that met

When I'm done I'm did!"

Infant Killed by a Five-Year-Old Boy. COLUMBIA, S. C., March 5 .- Mrs. Addie Beach-COLUMBIA, S. C., March 5.—Mrs. Addie Beacham left her seven-months-old baby sleeping in
the house and stepped out. After she had gone,
Bud Harris, a little five-year-old negro boy, who
lives close by, entered carrying a bent and heavy
piece of iron with a sharpened point. He stole
quietly up to the cradle and repeatedly brought
the fearful weapon down on the skull of the
sleeping infant. Seeing the blood spurt he fied
to the yard. The child's mother heard the
screams and rushed back to the house to find the
infant saturated in blood and dving. The boy infant saturated in blood and dying. The boy murderer was found sitting at the front gate digging holes in the ground with the bloody

Alleged Irish Traitor.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 5.-Considerable excitement has been created in Irish-American circles by the report that John P. Hayes, of this city, has sailed for England to become an emissary of the British government. Hayes came to this city from Philadelphia, and, it has been charged, was concerned in the Dr. Cronin murder at Chicago. He was at the time alleged to have been a prominent and influential member of the Clan-na-Gael, one of the famous "Triangle," and subsequently was charged with being a traitor to the order and in the pay of the British government. He was also at one time an intimate friend of Parnell.

Father Ryan Leaves the Jesuit Order. NEW YORK, March 5.—The Rev. Francis Ryan, one of the most prominent ministers in this country, has resigned from the Jesuit order and has become a secular priest. A year ago Father Ryan came to St. Francis Xavier's Col-lege in this city from Baltimore to become one of the editors of a magazine the Jesuits were to publish. For a time he was professor of philosophy at St. John's College, Fordham. Some months ago his health began to fail and he decided to leave the Jesuit order. He is to become connected with the Catholic Cathedral in Toron-

They Are Married Now.

"After Dark" was the play, and during one of those delightful scenes when day, gas and electric light are entirely excluded. gas and electric light are entirely excluded, he grasped her dainty little hand and whispered sweet nothings into her No. 7 ear. "Will you be mine, fairest?" "On one condition," she tremblingly muttered. "Name it," quoth he, "and by my ancestors it shall be granted." "If you will promise to keep Anheuser-Busch's delicious Budweiser beer in the house." Before he could express or impress anything, the light was press or impress anything, the light was turned up. Budweiser is bottled at their local branch. J. L. Bieler, manager. Tele-

Irish Ten. Irish Tea is a pleasant and refreshing drink. Taken at night it overcomes constipation, liver and kidney trouble. It invigorates the mind and body, and produces a renewed sense of vigor and health. "Irish Tea does all that it claims to do."
-W. W. Welling, Indianapolis.

WHAT folly! To be without Beecham's

One More Strike. And the umpire, "public opinion," may call "out." There were many "fouls" and "close decisions" in the game; some even tried to "steel" a base, but they were unsuccessful, Let's have a fair game, boys; play ball and drink Lieber's invigorating "special brew." bottled by J. Metzger & Co. Telephone

Of Interest to Gentlemen. It is of interest to gentlemen to know that Norbert Landgraf has just received his new stock of English suftings and trouserings for the spring season, and that this stock is arranged for inspection at his well-known establishment, 81 North Pennsylvania street, Denison House

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In Overcoats, as in Suits, Brown will be a favorite shade this season. We are show-Prentice. "Hello! Good mornin'. George." ing a great line of all-Wool Brown Cheviot Spring Overcoats at \$10, \$12, \$15, \$20 and \$25. In Boys' Knee-pants Suits, plain double-breasted coats will lead in popular favor. We are displaying over fifty styles in all grades, from \$4 to \$12.

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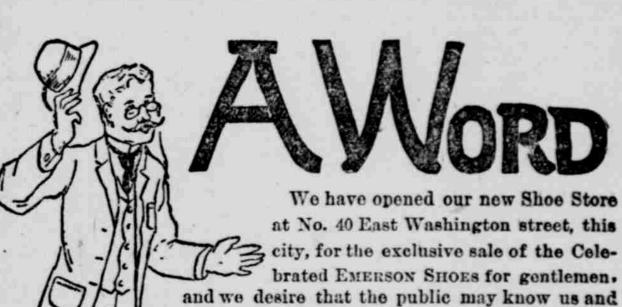
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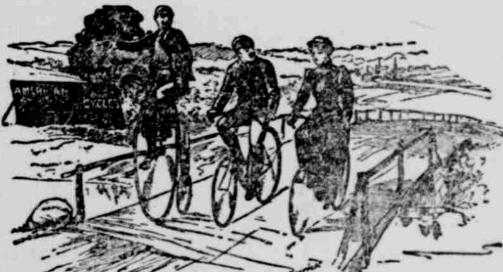
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COLUMBIAS AND ECLIPSE

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